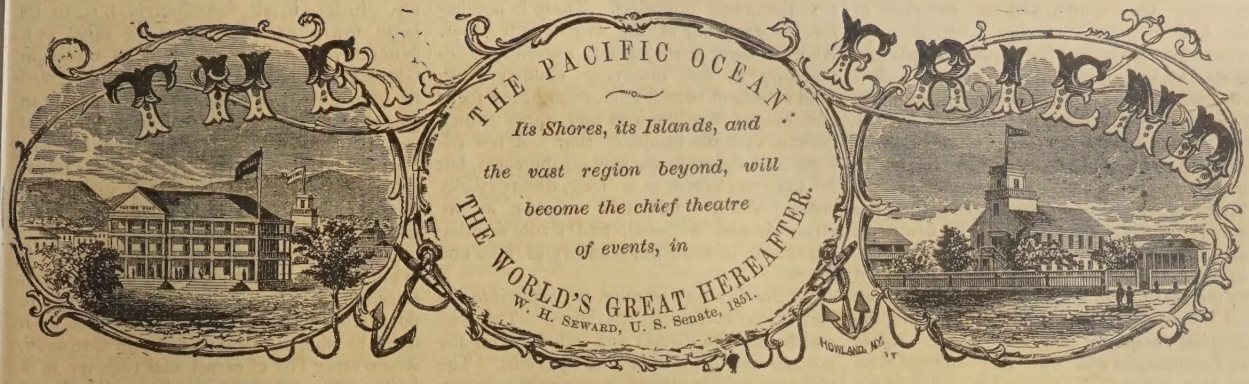
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast region beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. Seward, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, Vol. 28, No. 1.} HONOLULU, JANUARY 1, 1879. {Old Series, Vol. 36.

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THE FRIEND.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

The World's Great Hereafter!—As we have great faith that the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands and the surrounding shores of this great ocean, have an important part to play in the world's Great Hereafter, we again hoist this motto at the heading of our sheet. It was omitted during 1878 to make room for "The Hawaiian Centennial." Senator Seward, standing on the floor of the United States Senate thirty years ago, was a true prophet. Could he have lived to see what we now see, we think he would have been one of the boldest and strongest advocates of the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty. Seward, Burlingame and Sumner have now passed away, but their prophetic vision foresaw what we are now witnessing pass before our eyes. The end is not yet; in the future, events still more momentous will be developed, showing that the "Star of Empire" is still moving westward.

Thrum's Hawaiian Almanac and Annual for 1879.—It is a capital idea of Mr. Thrum, the stationer, of Honolulu, to gather up the events of the fleeting years and register them in his Annuals, which have now been issued for five years. The information contained in the Annual for '79 is worthy of preservation. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Dole have also made valuable contributions to this number. The paper of Mr. Dole upon the Birds of the Islands forms a most valuable contribution to science. The Annuals of Mr. Thrum will essentially aid the future historian of the Hawaiian Islands.

Poetical Light.—We hear much about Edison's electrical light for streets, but there is something exceedingly poetical about lighting the streets of Honolulu. The lamps are so few that, in Miltonic phrase, they make "darkness visible," and these few lamps are placed at such magnificent distances, that the dim twinkling rays, as they go wandering away on their errands of mercy to light the path of the stumbling wayfarer, remind one of those beautiful lines of Shakespeare—

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Then, again, in other words of the same author—

"When the moon shone, we did not see the candle."

So very dim burns the street lamps. We do think our City Father, the Minister of the Interior, might give us a little more light! The theory of older cities is, that the better a city is lighted the less of a police force is required. The cost of several street lamps would not exceed the salary of one policeman! Then, too, a street lamp, if the kerosene is good, will not go out, whereas a policeman might fall asleep. Bishop & Co. keep away the burglars and robbers by opening the shutters and burning a lamp. Why may not others do the same? It is worth thinking about.

☞ Our readers will notice in another column that Edward Willis, of Kingston, Mass., is anxious to obtain information respecting Hawaiian chess, &c. As we must plead ignorance upon topics of this nature, we publish his request, and should any one be inclined to give the desired information, we will forward the same.

☞ Our readers will notice that the poem of Mr. Bailey is about to be published (see advertisement). Mr. Bailey, we understand, is also engaged in the publication of a volume relating to Micronesia, having made a trip to that part of this great ocean on board the *Morning Star*.

The *C. M. Ward* sails on or about the 4th inst. for Micronesia, and will take a mail to the missionaries.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 24

A Few Weeks in Scandinavia—No. 3.

I wrote you last as we were in the midst of the sights and scenes of Copenhagen. This had been the limit which I had fixed for my northern rambling. After Rügen I had allowed myself Copenhagen, this glimpse of a new life and people. There had been perhaps a faint thought of and a strong longing for Stockholm, the fairest of northern cities and capitals, but this had seemed too far away, quite beyond our reach. Yet when I stood looking northward, with only a few hours of sailing on a brilliant summer sea, between the Danish shore where I stood and the mainland of Sweden, and with my fancy quickened by all I had heard of the venetian-like beauty of the Swedish capital I was forced to put the limit of my summer journeying still farther to the north. If you have ever felt the allurement of a similar temptation, you will confess with me that it is no easy thing to resist. One could tarry long with pleasure in Copenhagen. I have but faintly told you of the power of Thorwaldsen's works. It seems as if it must be a constant source of inspiration to live in the city where they are placed. Copenhagen was also the home of that genial old man, loved of children of all nations, Hans Christian Andersen, that very prince of story tellers, to whom the secrets of fairy-land seem to have been revealed, and with these the faculty of telling them royally again to his eager, wondering audience of little folks. Andersen died only a few years ago, very much loved, very much mourned. To very few is it given to keep on into later life, that tenderness and childlikeness of heart, that subtle sympathy with all that goes to make up the little joys and sorrows of the nursery-world, as it was to him. These wee sweet-voiced critics have crowned him over and over again, and must miss him sadly now that he is gone. There is a great flowery, shadowy park in Copenhagen where hundreds of little Danish children, under the charge of their nurses, come in summer-time near the old castle of Rosenborg, and here a statue of this friend of children is to be erected before very long. One could not wish for a more appropriate place. There is a very charming walk all along the shore by Copenhagen, the favorite promenade of

the city. On sunny afternoons the view of the harbor with its many ships, the blue water dotted with the white sails of passing boats, is something most inspiring. Not very far away is an interesting monument, because of the incident which it recalls. A few years since a young German, who chanced to be spending a few days in Copenhagen, was walking on this promenade. A little boy, as he was passing, fell, into the water. Seeing that he was in danger of drowning, the young German bravely leaps in to rescue him. In this he succeeds, but at the sacrifice of his own life. Throughout all Denmark this brave deed awakened the greatest sympathy and admiration. Never in Copenhagen was any one interred with greater honors. The king himself laid "a medal" of honor on the coffin. Sad as was the fate of the young hero, yet in his death he served his Fatherland, for this circumstance led to a kindlier feeling between the Danish and German peoples, whom recent war and enmity had so estranged.

SWEDEN-WARD!

The traveler can reach Sweden by the short steamer-route to Malmö, or by one some hours longer to Gothenburg. At this point I have recourse to my journal again, which I find opens at *August 19th, Göteborg, Sweden.*

We had just time this morning to make a few purchases, settle hotel-bills, say "good morning" to our very obliging host, and catch the early steamer for Göteborg in Sweden. Such a medley of people! How could they have all drifted to this steamer! There were French nuns or sisters of charity, English tourists, some very unmistakable Americans, Swedes, Danes, etc., etc. The day has been gloriously beautiful on the water. We steamed along the Danish coast for some time, which was charmingly green and inviting. Summer residences, watering places, villages peeped out from the shrubbery on the shore. We spent the whole day on deck. How the waves tumbled our steamer about! The *Kattegat* is no "glassy sea" when the wind sweeps down from the north. There was an artist from Dresden on the steamer with us, a great blonde flaxen haired giant, who was going north to sketch, and bring home "studies" from the wild landscapes of Scandinavia, I presume. But what a glory in sea and sky and land there was spread out before him on this mid-summer day. Wind and rain "squalls" rushed over our sky, or gloomed for a moment on the misty northern horizon. Then clouds swept up from north, and south, from east and west, only to part like some marvelous curtain, disclosing the dazzling radiance of the summer's sun. The waves tossed white foam into the sunshine, and leaped and sported around the path which our steamer sharply cut, in a kind of wonderful glee. I wonder whether after all these centuries Christianity has fully exorcised the wild wayward spirits which we read in the old mythologies peopled the woods and waters of this northern world!

After we had taken a farewell glance at the old castle of Elsinore, which it was a pleasure to see once again, we said good-bye to Denmark, and directed our attention to Sweden, which lay low on the distant horizon. At no point, as we came nearer it, did it strike me as imposing. There is nothing like the grandeur of the Norwegian coast. And yet there is something exceedingly interesting in this low-lying country, with wild wastes of barren land, where grey rocks and heaths face the mist and spray which blow in over the tumbling sea. A few villages and churches we saw on the coast, but for the most part it is a long, dreary, rocky coast. We are told that as soon as we strike inland we shall find fertile farming lands and a beautiful country of lake and forest.

As the day was waning, we came into the still water bordering the shore. The land which had lain distant and indistinct on the horizon now grew near and apparent. The still evening air was of a crystalline purity and clearness such as I have rarely ever seen. A strange stillness seem to rest on all the barren waste of land. I was strongly reminded of the wastes which ancient lava flows have made on Hawaii. There was a strange fascination in the infinite loneliness of the scene, which seemed to impress all on board. The sun-set glowed in broad bands of crimson and gold low in the west, and the strange fiery fierceness of its light shone in sharp contrast to the passionless dullness of the desolate, forsaken landscape. A few lonely fisher-boats still lingered in the grey twilight, on the darkening waters, hinting to us that behind the long stony barriers of the shore lay warmth, and welcome, and human life. Göteborg (Gothenburg, as we say) appears to be admirably situated at the mouth of the River Gota. The passage to the sea is through a long winding channel, sometimes seeming to be just wide enough to permit of the passage of the steamer. I have been constantly impressed so far in Sweden, with an activity and life, which I can in no way better characterize than American. There is a bustle and drive here, a certain newness, an intense vitality which seems wanting in many parts of Europe.

Doubtless there is very much of a future before Scandinavia, if the energies and impulses which now seem so actively at work are rightly guided. All this is most encouraging in the midst of the unrest, uncertainty, and perplexity of monarchical Europe. Göteborg has a population of something like sixty or seventy thousand. It was founded in the year 1619 by Gustavus Adolphus, whose great name seems thus to welcome us, as we first put foot on Swedish soil. The city lies surrounded by low hills, to whose heather-covered summit we climbed and obtained a view of the city. The streets are broad and well kept. In the suburbs lie many villas, surrounded by spacious and blooming gardens, where the rich merchants have their homes. Here in Göteborg are some of the principal business houses of Sweden, and between this city and the neighboring countries and England there is frequent and excellent steam communication. Architecturally the city has nothing to boast. Its comfort, and order and moderate prosperity, the contentment which seems to characterize its people, make a most pleasing impression on the new comer.

We note immediately that in coming to Sweden, we have not come to a cheap country. In fact in all Scandinavia, i. e., in its large towns, one finds that he must as a general rule pay more than he would in Germany. I have been especially interested in glancing at the book-store windows in passing. They are a reading, thoughtful people. Among other books I noticed was Farrar's "Life of Christ" in Swedish translation, Stanley's last book only just out in English and here in translation, many German books in the original, etc.

Our hotel is delightfully comfortable. It is enough to delight the heart of a traveler to see a warm, bright English carpet on the floor, after having perhaps for months been used to slippery waxed floors in Germany, where stray bits of carpet and rugs try in a forlorn way to be cozy and genial. But I fancy this luxury is owing to the fact that many English travelers come this way. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the only people in this world who know how to live really comfortably are those who speak the English language, and especially those who live in America. In this conservative old world they are slowly beginning to learn the meaning of carpets, furnaces, bright open-fires, rocking chairs, etc.!

TO STOCKHOLM BY CANAL!

I may run the risk, in these hurrying days, of being considered an incorigibly lazy traveler when I write you that I saw fit to go to Stockholm by canal. There is a railway communication between Malmö and the capital, and Göteborg and Stockholm. But I was curious once in my life to take a canal journey, and I must confess that the three or four days thus spent *en route* to Stockholm were among the pleasantest I have ever enjoyed in traveling in any country. But dismiss from your mind your old conception of canaling, with a flat bottom boat, a worn and weary horse on the tow-path, where he has walked eternally, driven by some wild-haired youngster or patient woman. No; certainly these picturesque phases of travel are fast fading away before all conquering steam. At Göteborg you take a comfortable steamer late Tuesday night, and arrive in Stockholm Friday afternoon. You pass thus if you will allow the Hibernianism overland by water, from the west to the east coast of Sweden. You have an opportunity of seeing one of the finest examples of canal-engineering in the world, you sail over the beautiful inland lakes of Southern Sweden, and pass through most fine and fertile reaches of country. The scenery does not compare for a moment with the wonderful grandeur of Norway, but there is a constant attraction in the landscape, a gentle beauty which cannot fail to charm and delight every traveler. Whoever visits Sweden should try this route if possible. As I have just said the canal is a remarkable piece of engineering. The southern portion of Sweden is intersected by numerous lakes, of which the *Wenern* and the *Wettern* are the largest; and it has been by the connection of these through canals, that the water route across Sweden has been rendered possible. For it was the desire of the Swedish kings to open this passage, but it was not completed until some time in this century. One can scarcely appreciate the greatness of the work, until he has personally made this journey, but it may be inter-

esting for you to glance at the map of Southern Sweden and trace this course. Enormous sums of money have been expended upon the work, and those who undertook to prosecute the construction of the canal have at times met with great opposition. Foremost among these to whom Sweden should be grateful—is the Count Von Platen, who died in this century.

August 21st.—We left Göteborg last evening when the August moon was shining over this Swedish city, and this morning on waking and looking out from my stateroom, I found we were far inland, trees and forests on all sides, the fresh sweet morning calling to us from the heart of the pine forests. Our steamer was lazily taking a morning rest; here came sluices and other stoppages. We are told we have time to strike across country, visit the famous Trolhäta Falls, and that we should find the boat ready for us higher up. In this journey the steamers have a queer way of going up and down hill! The new canal at this point was built by Baron Ericson, brother of John Ericson of monitor memory in America. The Trolhäta Falls are famous in Sweden, not for their height, for they are rather rapids than falls, but for the grand masses of rushing water which roar and foam over the rocks. It was delightful in the early morning to awake as it were in a new world. The sun was just beginning its course in the east, and the freshness and fairness of the new coming day bathed all the landscape. There are four falls in all, descending lower down in the valley. The last is especially fine; you pass on a frail-looking little bridge, strong enough, however, to a little wooded island in the midst of the river. On all sides are the rapids; your little island is girdled by foam banks where countless rainbows flash and die to live again in a brief and brilliant resurrection—of color.

We found a little village not far away where we were to await the slow approach of the steamer. Near at hand was a busy paper-mill, where large quantities of paper are manufactured from wood, a process to me at least, new. I learned that some one of the London newspapers was supplied from this Swedish mill. What a journey these sheets, lying so quietly in the mill by these rainbow tinted falls, have before them before their mission is complete! We had our coffee in the inn by a quiet lake, and sunned ourselves in the early morning beams and were in readiness for our steamer. How oddly she looked slowly steaming through the stone borders of the canal, sometimes coming so close together that there is just room for passing.

There was something amusingly American about this little town. Our host addressed us in English, with all the manner of an American tavern keeper. He had been years I believe, in the "States." The town looked thrifty, new and "woodeny," like so many one sees in the new lands of the west; and the people, by some resemblance (I can scarcely describe it, but it was none the less real) kept bringing to mind a village of "settlers" There is something delightful to me in these suggestions of the New World in the Old. The informality of this journey is refreshing. We have a very pleasant company of passengers, and as we steam lazily along, stopping now and then by the way, we are already beginning to get acquainted. The steamer table is excellent, and we are becoming acquainted with the mysteries of Swedish cookery. A young Swedish engineer, fresh from a visit to Paris, has been giving me much information about his country. What warm hearted enthusiastic people they are! I listen with pleasure to the language, though understanding so very little of it. Though so thoroughly different in formation, etc., yet as a spoken language, you are reminded of French. The people speak with great animation, and you can scarcely imagine that a language which on the printed page looks so hard and stiff, can be so musically spoken.

We came about noon to-day to the great *Lake Vener*, the largest lake of Sweden and the third largest of Europe. It is a mighty sheet of water and widens like the sea. The banks lie rather low, so that it possesses little of the beauty of the Swiss lakes. A very few little islands lie within it. Our route lies across only a portion of it; as later on in the day we strike through the canal again to reach Lake Wettern. The stoppages are charming; at one place I grow interested in a family who join us, saying good-bye to their old home and going farther up country. Stranger as I am I cannot but feel a sympathy with them and all the kind friends who gather to shake hands with them, and wave adieu to them from the busy little wharf. It seemed hard work for some of them to keep the big tears back; and just at evening we came to another little point, as we were leaving the lake where we had time to visit the busy glass factory of the place, and buy for a mere nothing fresh raspberries from the little Swedish maidens, who flocked down to the steamer to welcome us. The captain told us later on in the evening that we should have time for a brisk walk on the shore. So we gentlemen have just come on board again after a delicious run in the cool evening air. It seemed so strange and weird to be as it were almost alone in the heart of a great Swedish forest. The trees rose shadowy and mysterious out of the night and gloom; stars gleamed overhead; the water lay still and motionless in the canal; and as we stood waiting at the end of our walk, some one pointed to the silver light of the moon rising amid the darkness of the clustering firs.

August 22nd.—The informality of the journey is fast making us acquainted with one another. There is a pleasant Swedish lady from Stockholm with her daughter. Some young Swedish gentlemen are with us whom every one on board likes, a Wesleyan clergyman from the north of England, American students, a talkative pleasant young German, English ladies and gentlemen, etc., etc. Our captain is a sunny faced, quiet eyed young man who makes it pleasant for every one, and with the charming summer weather, the beautiful and varied landscape, the constant making of new acquaintances, every one is voting this to be the most delightful of journeys. We have a long morning's ramble along the green shores, and let the steamer come up to us. Then come some hours on a charming lake, with wooded banks; then slowly and quietly we steam through narrow passages where we can almost touch the trees on the banks. A fair and fertile landscape spreads itself before us. We are in one of the most beautiful portions of Sweden. The fields stand golden with the wealth of splendid crops.

Again we leave the steamer and visit an interesting old church with relics of the past; among them the coffins in the vault of the Douglas Family, who came long ago from Scotland hither. Then we gather in the early evening, just as the sunset is flushing the waters of beautiful Lake Roxen, on the shores of the lake and await the steamer. Far above us rises the dark body of the steamer; slowly and surely it descends the many watery steps of the canal to the level of the lake. One gate after another is opened and the water rushes and foams, and the steamer comes to take us over the sunset lighted lake further on our journey. What a new meaning such a journey gives to old terms! I shall never hear or read of locks, of sluices, etc., without thoughts of this August time in Sweden. Lately I came across a little sketch of the poet Longfellow in prose, which seems so full of a gentle quiet beauty that I am tempted to copy a few words from it here. Though it was written years ago, and though Sweden's life has of late lost much of its former picturesque and primitive character and simplicity, yet I think it cannot fail to be interesting in connection with this country, through which we are passing.

"There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze and they cry, 'God bless you.' The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty house-wife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark. Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box fastened

to a post by iron bands and secured by a padlock. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the steps and con their Psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things, from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd. The women carry Psalm-books in their hands wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words."

AUGUST 23D.—Last day of our journey. During the night we have had a little touch of the Baltic, but by morning we were within sheltering shores again. What a glorious morning we had on Lake Mälar, before reaching Stockholm! The day was surpassingly fine. The beautiful banks of this most beautiful lake, rose about us covered with verdant groves. Numerous summer residences looked out at us as we passed. The Swedish gentlemen on board sang some of the sweet old melodious Folk Songs of the country. Every one seemed filled with the joy and gladness of the morning. Before long the spires and towers of the Swedish capital rose in the distance—growing more and more distinct as our steamer advanced. We welcomed them, and yet in welcoming them we regretted that we must now say good-bye to friends and scenes which in the past few days had become most pleasant to us. To-night we sleep in Stockholm, of whose beauty we had heard much, but which my brief acquaintance of a few hours with the city leads me to believe is worthy of all the praise which has been given it.

FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON.

Berlin, Oct. 8th, 1878.

Hon. Bayard Taylor's Sickness and Death.

Our Berlin correspondent, after referring to the American Thanksgiving and the address at the American Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, thus remarks under date of Nov. 29th: "No large and general American dinner was given, owing to the continued illness of Mr. Taylor. This serious and prolonged illness has been most trying for his family and friends. Sometimes it seems as if he would never recover, and then again as yesterday and to-day he appears much better. Mrs. Taylor does not receive any calls, and does not go out at all into society. You may soon see Mr. Taylor's last poem. It is just out, and is an elaborate philosophical one, as I understand something after the model of 'Faust.'"

We find the following among the latest telegraphic dispatches via San Francisco:

BERLIN, Dec. 19th.—Bayard Taylor, Minister of the United States, died at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The fatal symptoms came on suddenly. He had been out of bed and transacting business with an official of the American Legation, yesterday. His death was peaceful and painless.

BERLIN, Dec. 20th.—Funeral services over the remains of the late Bayard Taylor will be held at the American Legation on Sunday, when the body will be taken to a mortuary and await transportation to America. On Sunday, American residents will take action at the American Chapel.

The Week of Prayer.

The programme for the Week of Prayer, prepared by the Evangelical Alliance of Great Britain, has not been received in season for general use in the churches connected with the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. The Hawaiian Board voted at its last meeting that a special programme, in Hawaiian and English, should be prepared for use in our churches, and in accordance with that vote the following list of subjects for prayer is published.

C. M. HYDE, Rec. Sec'y.

Honolulu, Dec. 27, 1878.

SUNDAY, Jan. 5. The Supreme Obligation of the Righteousness which God requires. Matt. 6:33.

MONDAY, Jan. 6. The Church, its ordinances divinely appointed, its object the conversion of the world, its methods aggressive as well as attractive, its membership individually responsible, its purity in social life and its firm adherence to revealed truth essential to its progress.

TUESDAY, Jan. 7. The Home, the centre of elevating, purifying, hallowing influences to be made a type of heavenly blessedness.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 8. The School,— all under-training for future usefulness, whether in the Sunday school, the day school, the college and seminary, or taking the first steps in business life.

THURSDAY, Jan. 9. Light for the Unevangelized, and all mission work to put the Light of the Gospel into the Lip of the world.

FRIDAY, Jan 10. Help for the poor, the weak, the erring; preparing the way of the Lord by removing intemperance, licentiousness, thriftlessness and other social evils.

SATURDAY, Jan. 11. The Nations of the Earth to be one Universal Brotherhood in Christ, the Polynesian and the Asiatics, the European, the African, the American to be no more strangers and foreigners to each other, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

SUNDAY, Jan. 12. Jesus Christ, the Divine Redeemer from sin, supremely loved and eternally adored by all. Rev. 5:11-13.

Murder of Captain Moller.

In the *New Zealand Herald* for December 10, we find the sad narration of the circumstances of the murder of the master of the *Meg Merrilies*, an English trading schooner, at Butaritari, one of the Gilbert or Kingsmill Islands. It appears that Captain Moller was ordered to go thither and look after a trading establishment under the management of one Thomas Rennels, an Englishman. Some altercation occurred about the settlement of accounts, and Capt. Moller began to remove some property, but was told if he did so he would be fired upon by Rennels. A shot was fired, which took effect in his elbow. The wounded master goes on board his schooner, when the chief officer headed a force, comprising four of his crew, and arrested Rennels "in the Queen's name." He was taken and confined on board. The schooner sailed for the mission station of the Hawaiian missionary on Boutaritari, but not being able to obtain medical aid, the vessel put away for the Marshall Islands, about four days' sail. Unfortunately, Dr. Pease, the American missionary physician, was absent, when, remarks the editor of the *Herald*, "poor Moller was then taken to the house of the American missionary, the Rev. Mr. Whitney, who used every effort to relieve the poor fellow, but lock-jaw and putrefaction supervening, he died in great pain at 4 p. m. on Sunday, the 13th October, and was buried on shore the same night, in the presence of the ship's company, the burial service being read by the Rev. Mr. Whitney." The vessel next sailed for Sydney, and the case was duly reported to the authorities.

GOSPEL-LEAVEN AT WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.—Facts are frequently falling under our notice, which indicate that silently yet surely, the gospel-leaven is at work. The means may be feeble to human view, but God employs at times, "the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." The Rev. Mr. Coan thus writes from Hilo, Dec. 26th, "Our foreign church in Hilo voted last evening, to call Wong E. for six months, and see that he is supported. Whether our Chinese will appreciate the efforts made for their good so as to lend a helping hand remains to be seen, or not to be seen. Most of them cleave more to the *terrestrial* than to the *celestial*." The Rev. Mr. Rouse, writes from Makawao, Dec. 27th, "Those Christian Chinamen of whom you wrote, I will endeavor to care for. They attend my service, quite regularly."

Among the Chinese in Honolulu, a contribution of about $200 has been collected towards the new church building of the second native church. In our columns, will be seen the notice of an effort to erect a Chinese church edifice in Honolulu. All these "straws" point in the right direction indicating that there is a gentle breeze blowing from the "Better Land."

THE BIBLE IN JAPAN.—In the last report of the American Bible Society, we find this interesting statement:

"I cannot better close my report than with the mention of a case at Otsu, on the lake Birva, near Kiyoto, which shows how the Scriptures can open the heart and revolutionize the life. Several copies of the Japanese Scriptures, and other Christian books, were some time since given by the Rev. Mr. Neesima, of the American Board Mission, Kiyoto, to the officer of the prison at Otsu. He passed them over to one of the prisoners, a scholar, whose crime was that of manslaughter. About six months ago a fire took place in the prison, when the entire body of prisoners, numbering nearly 100, instead of improving the opportunity to make their escape, assisted in putting out the flames, and remained to a man to be again imprisoned. Such a remarkable circumstance occasioned inquiry as to the cause, when it appeared that the scholar among them had been so impressed and convinced of the truth of Christianity that he had taught it to his fellow-prisoners, and Christian principles, combined with his personal influence, had such power over them as to restrain them from fleeing when the doors of their prison were opened. The scholar was consequently pardoned, but he remained in Otsu to still teach the prisoners. He has

opened a Chinese school for young men, where Christianity is taught, and it is said he is now preparing to reprint a Chinese Commentary on the Gospel of John, with Japanese connectives, to render it more readable to Japanese scholars!"

An Unsurpassed Hymn.

[In the *New Englander*, for August, 1860, Dr. D. F. Bacon pronounces the following exquisite hymn unsurpassed in the English or any other language, and adds that "perhaps it is as near perfection as any uninspired language can be." It is usually ascribed to Hillhouse, the poet, *i. e.*, James A. Hillhouse; but according to Dr. D. F. Bacon, it was written by his younger brother, Augustus L. Hillhouse, who died near Paris, in March, 1859.]

Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own,
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! Oh! smile and heal my strife.

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul,
New tides of hopes tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw, of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errand ye fulfill;
Or throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choir shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

☞ The American exhibit at the Paris exhibition took seventy-five per cent. of the awards in all grades.

Information Wanted.

When Capt. Cook first visited the Sandwich Islands, he found the natives playing a game like chess or checkers. There is considerable interest felt as to the origin or antiquity of these games. Please send me a description of the game, of the board and manner of playing. Do they play the game now, and could a board be obtained by sending a remittance?

Respectfully yours, EDWARD WILLIS.
Kingston, Mass., Nov. 14, 1878.

Respecting GEORGE S. BRETLIN, who is supposed to have come to the Hawaiian Islands about twenty-five years ago. He has friends residing in Philadelphia anxious to learn something respecting him. Please address MRS. JAMES H. PARK, 908 N. 17 St., Philadelphia.

Miss Margeret Y. Upp, No. 204 Post street, San Francisco, writes to the American Consul at this port requesting information concerning the whereabouts of her father Adam Upp, a carpenter by trade, who came to Honolulu in January last.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—There now resides in Yokohama Mrs. M. J. Gibbs, formerly Mrs. J. Vaughn, of Honolulu. Any parties wishing for information will apply to Hawaiian Consul, L. P. Lilybridge, Esq., of Yokohama.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Dec 2—Am sh Bullion, Reed, 20 days from San Francisco
2—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, 19 days from San Fran
3—P M S Zealandia, Chevalier, from San Francisco
3—Am bk Edward James, O'Brien, 18 days fm Tahiti
5—Am bk Wealthy Pendleton, Blanchard, 37 days fm Kobe, Japan
5—Am topsail schr W H Meyer, Williams, 17 days from San Francisco
6—Brit bk Hazelhurst, Goudey, 35 days from Victoria, bound for Hongkong
7—Am bktne W. H. Dietz, Endicott, 20 dys fm S Fran
9—Am bk Camden, Robinson, 35 dys fm Port Gamble
11—H I M S Albatross, Corv-Captain Mensing 1, 34 days from Yokohama.
12—Am tern Compeer, Buckholm, 31 dys fm Pt Gamble
13—Am bk Alice Reed, Kelleran, 147 dys fm New York
17—Am schr Robert Emmett, Galloway, 21 days fm S F
20—Am bk Frement, Nickerson, from Cahului
24—Str Australia, 15 days from Auckland
26—Kamaile, 12 days from Fanning's Island
26—Leo, 17 days from San Francisco
27—H W Almy, 22 days from San Francisco
27—D C Murray, 20 days from San Francisco
27—Hazard, 27 days from Astoria
27—Mattie Macleay, 34 days from Portland
27—Hellen Mar, 21 days from San Francisco

DEPARTURES.

Dec 3—P M S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney
5—Am sh Bullion, Reed, for Guano Islands
5—Am bk Wealthy Pendleton, Blanchard, for Royal Roads
5—Haw bk R C Wylie, Rakemann, for Bremen
8—Brit bk Hazelhurst, Goudey, for Hongkong
11—Am bktne Ella, Brown, for San Francisco
16—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble
19—Am bk T J Southard, Handy, for San Francisco
19—Am bk Edward James, O'Brien, for San Francisco
24—Str Australia, for San Francisco
24—Discovery, for San Francisco
24—W H Dietz, for San Francisco
27—German Corvette Albatross for South Pacific.

MEMORANDA.

☞ In the June number of the FRIEND, 1878, there is statement, that Captain Campbell called at Ascension on the 6th of January, and ordered wood and took away a boat and whaling gear, belonging to one John De Sylva, since which time, the Captain had not been heard from. We wtsh to state, that said "boat and gear" belonged to Captain C, and De Sylva had never advanced any thing for the same. We would state that Captain C is now on board the Norman bound to Ascension, and everything will be put right. We would add that Captain C has called upon us, and we take place in making this statement. Captain C in former times, has always been most kind in forwarding packages and Micronesian missionaries.

REPORT OF HAW BK KALAKAUA, JENKS, MASTER.—Left San Francisco Nov 12th, at 4 p m. First two days calm, on third day took a SE gale, lasting twenty-four hours, and shifting suddenly to NW, and moderating to a light breeze which continued the entire passage. Took the trades in lat 27°, long 132°. On the way down both side lights exploded, but doing no damage. Come to off Diamond Head at midnight of Dec 1st. A full cargo, also four cabin and fifty-three steerage passengers.

REPORT OF AM BARK CAMDEN, ROBINSON, MASTER.—Sailed from Port Gamble Nov 2d. Came out of the Straits Nov 4. First 12 days had S E and S W gales. On 14th of Nov had a very heavy S W gale, with a tremendous sea running; then had 8 days of light S W winds. Took the trades in lat 30.14, long 133.12. From thence to port light winds and fine weather.

REPORT OF AM BK ALICE REED, J H KELLERAN, MASTER.—Left New York June 20; had calms and fine weather to the equator, 40 days; was 61 days from the equator to Cape Horn; passed around the Cape with pleasant weather and fair wind; was 51 days from the Cape to the equator in the Pacific, experiencing very strong westerly gales to lat 35 S; from thence to port light winds and pleasant weather, making the passage in 174 days. Spoke, Sept. 13, in lat 41.20 S, long 57.38 W, ship Columbus, from Rio Janeiro to Callao; Sept 24, off Staten Land, ship America, to San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE SCHOONER KAMAILE, B. B. HEMPSTEAD, MASTER.—Sailed from Honolulu on 9th November for Fanning's Island. Arrived at the Island on the 18th. Sailed from the Island on the 12th Dec for Honolulu. Dec 23, at 11 a m, made the Island of Oahu, bearing north, distance 40 miles; arrived on the 24th.

Sailed from Fanning's Island, Nov 23, Tahitian schr Vivid, Sweet; Tahiti, Dec 12, English ship Pegasus, Powel, for Hamburg. Left at the Island, French bark Ocean, loading.

PASSENGERS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Zealandia, Dec 2—A McWayne and wife, J I Dowsett, Jr, G W Townsend and wife, Miss Nellie Austin, Col T Crawford McDowell, A Campbell, P M Gildea, Mrs P N Makee, child and servant, S Ehrlich, Chas Brewer, Miss Eliza Brewer, Miss L Rogers, T M Percitta, Mrs L McCauley, Mrs E F Taffany, J T Waterhouse and wife, B Cluff, B Alexander and wife, H E McIntyre, W M Gibson, Mr Cummings, Mr Woolmington, J Parrier, G H Higgins, G C Lees, L W Hand, James McDade, E McDade, F F Benedict, J E Carroll, J McGinn, P Hoff, C E Smith, J Fisher, W McDonald, D McKenzie, P H Vicer, H E Frink, A J J Phillips, Thos Wall, A Lorris, W Cummings, J G Clevior, T R Munder, O P Williams, J A G Jones, Chas Fisher, J W Manchester, 176 Chinamen, 23 native sailors, and 37 in transitu for Australia.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Kalakaua, Dec 2—C C Barton and wife, Mrs M Warde, J U O'Brien, F Marse, W B Wright, J Miller, T Burk, J Whidaner, J Lane, P Dittner, F Duff, B Denison, C Breade, J Swatty, E F Connell, W Henry, J Watts, W McIntyre, A B Maffett, C B Maffett, W Garren, F B Crane, F P Lord, A Sheppard, W Williams, D Walley, Chas Brady, S McClusky, G Baker, G Cherry, S Gass, J Lisconsky, I Harde, J M Maner, J Word, J Gleason, W Weny, J D Capeland, B Codline, G Osborn, C McLann, C Blurtin, J Trainer, J Barry, E Smith, G Murray, J Parker, E M Kelsey, L Brusley, J Manton, J Gluscon, G D Lansin, G W Smith, P M Stephens, E M Clark.

FROM TAHITI—Per Edward James, Dec 4—Thos Adams, J Feary, C Murray, Thos Nelson, and 2 Hawaiian seamen.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per W H Deitz, Dec 7—Charles McCully, M C Wilson, St Labo, Jas Howard, Wm Jose, P Deitz.

FROM PORT TOWNSEND—Per Camden, Dec 9—Mrs W Cox and 2 children, and 4 Chinamen.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO, per Ed James, Dec 19—C Murray, J J O'Neill, E H O'Brien.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Fremont,—Dec 21 J E Synde.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Discovery, Dec 24—S Norris.

FROM AUSTRALIA—Per Australia, Dec 24—Mr Adelman and wife, J Noack, L Kerr, T K Park, and 42 in transitu for San Francisco.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Australia, Dec 24—J W Pfluger, G W Mackfarlane, A Herbert, A F Graves, R N, J T Sisson, Jas Wyht, Capt Jas Barr, T G Nesmith, O C Waterhouse, J R Lee, M Boyce, T H McVicar, and 4 Chinese.

FROM PORTLAND—Per Mattie Macleay, Dec 27—J R Wintler, E A Buick.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per H. W. Almy, Dec 27—J McDade, C Coleman, F Nelson, J Rothwell, J D Cook, J S Robertson, O H Friedlander, E W Gude, J A Hevney, J Hogan.

FROM FANNING'S ISLAND—Per Kamaile, Dec 24—James Green and two natives.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per D C Murray, Dec 27—H Battey, D Kenealy, M J Tobin, M McCarthy, M Flinn, C Hancock, F Carpenter, J H Van Handt, W Davis. C Shaw, M H Penry, T Riley, W Riley, M Guinn, M Frank, D Quill, M Doulan, P Dolan, P Ramoo, L M Shaw, V Donato, W Rowe, H E Canon, M Roe, D Cain, H Meyer, T W Jackson. J Seybold, D McToes, J Casey, J Lever, P Sherry, J Cashmay, J Cornell, W O'Connor, A Toogood, C Kelrnay, W Hostie, D F Leanar, J Eppler, R Boyce, T Opady, T Quinn, G Luproil, M Rolls, C Leon, E Francis, F Doyle, G Dean, C Harris, J C Logan, T Teale, W Sterryer, George Luproil, J A Quenner, J S Henshaw, C Ettinger, Miss Lilie Deshorn, F C Booth, M Latheiner, J Lennahan, A Stuart, J Rodgers, J White, J W Robertson, H H Smyth, F Towler, J Byrns, T Lahey, S White, T Fard, W Scott, P Dovagher, W Cambell, P Laeler, M Wilson, C J Sherwood, C H Hanssey, C Connelly, P Woods, F Peterson, W Arkins, T Rafferty.

MARRIED.

DODD—BOOTH—December 8th, by Rev. H. H. Parker, MR. JAMES DODD to MISS GRACE BOOTH, both of this city.

WEYLE—MANUEL—In this city, Dec 24, by Rev S C Damon, J H WEYLE to MARY MANUEL, both of Honolulu.

DIED.

WUNDENBERG—In Sydney, NSW, Oct 30, MRS ANN WUNDENBERG, of Honolulu, aged 64 years. The deceased was the oldest child of the Rev William Henry of Tahiti, one of the original pioneer missionaries of the London Missionary Society to the South Seas, sailing from London Aug 10, 1796. She was born in August, 1814, on the island of Moorea, one of the Society group, and was the first white child born on that island. She came to the Sandwich Islands in 1844, and was married in December, 1845, at Hanalei, Kauai, to G F Wundenberg. She was at the date of her death, on a visit to her aged mother residing in Sydney. She leaves a family of one son and six daughters to mourn her death and imitate her many virtues, for in all the relations of life she was a truly estimable and excellent woman and mother.

ADAMS—At Boston, Mass., November 6th, RUTH REED, beloved daughter of Edward P. and Ellen F. Adams. Aged 4 months, 27 days.

WELSH—In Kau, Hawaii, December 4, JAMES WELSH, a native of Salem, Mass, where his parents now reside. He came from San Francisco a few months since, sick with consumption, and was a beneficiary of the Ladies' Strangers' Friend Society.

MCLEAN—In this city, Dec. 10, GEORGE CHRISTIE MCLEAN, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, aged 60 years, 6 months and 21 days. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

LOVE—In this city, Dec. 12, WILLIAM LOVE, a native of Sydney, N. S. W., aged 36 years, 1 month and 6 days. The deceased came to these Islands with his parents when quite a boy, being the youngest of the firm of Love Bros.

MITCHELL—In this city, Dec 17, of aneurism, JOHN MITCHELL, a native of London, England, aged 50 years. He had resided on these islands for about 25 years, and leaves a widow and two children. He was a good citizen, sober, industrious and honorable. His funeral was attended by members of Excelsior Lodge No 1, I O O F, and Mechanics' Benefit Union, he having been a member of both societies.

A NEW POEM,

BY OUR MR. E. BAILEY, OF WAILUKU, is announced by the Publisher, S. C. Andrews, Ann Arbor, Mich, entitled—HAWAII NEI, AN IDYLL OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS. Being full of vigorous description, wierd tales and poetic allusions to the traditions and romances of our beautiful islands, it should be read by all our citizens, and also makes an elegant and appropriate present to send to distant friends. Sent post-paid by the Publisher or by the island booksellers on receipt of price. **Paper, 50 cts.; Cloth, $1.00.**

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT. By Henry M. Stanley. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1878.

This is the record of a grand work, nobly executed. We do not believe the records of land and maritime discovery in ancient or modern times, can produce an instance of foresight, endurance, persistency, or what the English would call *pluck*, to equal this of Stanley's journey—occupying nine hundred and ninety-nine days from the shores of the Indian to the Atlantic oceans, via "the sources of the Nile, around the great lakes of equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone river to the Atlantic ocean."

These volumes are full of instructive information—geographical, ethnological, botanical, geological and religious. They should be read by both the enemies and friends of missions. There is one special class of readers which, we trust, will not fail to give these volumes a thorough perusal. We refer to unbelievers in Divine Revelation and the Christian religion. Persons living in Christian lands and surrounded by all the light, knowledge and blessings of the gospel, and who deny the truth of that same gospel and the Divine Mission of our Saviour to this world, should specially read and ponder the weighty statements which Mr. Stanley makes respecting the condition of heathen nations dwelling in the interior of Africa, where no ray of gospel light has penetrated. There is no true conjecture respecting what would have been the moral condition of our globe if all other nations had been left, as have those of the heathen tribes inhabiting the banks of the Livingstone or Congo.

Mr. Stanley has forcibly sketched the moral *status* of the subjects of the Emperor Mtesa on the banks of the Victoria Nyanza. The following paragraph we copy from volume 1, page 408:

"The moral character of the people is far below that of the Emperor. Indeed, if it were not for him no stranger would dare to enter Uganda. They have no respect for human life or human rights. Among them they recognize only might, and Mtesa might even be pardoned for exercising greater severity than he does, for this fierce people requires to be governed with the almost unexampled severity of might and power which Suna so cruelly employed. They are crafty, fraudful, deceiving, lying, thievish knaves, taken as a whole, and seem to be born with an uncontrollable love for gaining wealth by violence and murder, in which they resemble—except that they have the lawless instinct to a greater degree—nearly all the African tribes. Owing, however, to their terror of punishment, the stranger is permitted to wander in almost certain safety throughout Uganda, and is hospitably treated as the Emperor's guest."

This picture of heathenism will aptly correspond with a passage of the Apostle Paul, in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, verses 21—32. Dark as are its outlines, they are not so deeply drawn and so fearfully sombre as are those describing the condition of tribes along the Congo, through which he fought his way in thirty-three battles. Only imagine the moral character of tribes which would neither sell or give food to the strangers, but would fight them with poisoned arrows, and amid their war chants, shout "meat, meat, meat," so voracious were their cannibal instincts. To escape from such demons of savagery and war, Stanley was compelled to contend in thirty-three engagements, and most fortunately, while almost everything else gave out, his ammunition did not fail. So far as possible, he appears to have conducted his intercourse among the savage Africans upon the most pacific principles.

Our limits will not allow us to comment upon many points of startling interest with which these volumes abound. Stanley's ability to meet the difficulties of daily perplexity, irritation, hunger, care, anxiety, remind us of Homer's portraiture of Ulysses' character in the Odyssey:

"The man, for wisdom's various arts renowned,
Long exercised in woes."

Stanley, however, was more fortunate than the wandering, crafty and cunning Ulysses, for the latter lost all his companions, while the former successfully brought safely forth one hundred and fifteen of his fellow travelers out of the three hundred and more, who were connected with the expedition. Most honorably, heroically and in the most *fatherly* manner he conducted *these his children*, to their homes at Zanzibar, via Cape of Good Hope. Stanley has remarked, that to him the unknown regions of Africa represented by a blank sheet of paper, possessed a peculiar charm and fascination, so the pages of his journals possess to the reader a charm and fascination. His honest and frank earnestness and sincerity so manifest on every page, disarm all carping criticism and fault-finding.

The reader of these ponderous but beautifully printed and illustrated volumes, with wonder and astonishment, lays them aside, exclaiming: "How could the Leader of the Expedition ever have accomplished what he has so faithfully, honestly and truthfully sketched." In all coming time the name of Stanley will rank among the first of the Heroes of African Discovery. All honor to the names of Livingstone, Speke, Burton and others, who have so nobly toiled amid the unknown deserts, mountains and rivers of the Dark Continent. At some future time we hope to refer to this subject again. We would merely add, let due thanks be ever rendered to the Proprietors of the London Telegraph and New York Herald for their generous and magnanimous supply of funds to carry out this Anglo-American Expedition.

☞ We have always taken a peculiar interest in the future career and success in life of those who claim the Hawaiian Islands as their birth-place. Most vividly and pleasantly we recall the daughters of A. G. Abell, Esq., formerly U. S. Consul in Honolulu. The following notice of the marriage of Miss Sarah Abell we copy from a late number of the San Francisco *Call:*

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN CARL BAYLEY, U. S. A., AND MISS SARAH ABEL, AT GRACE CHURCH.

A wedding that created some little stir, but one divested of ostentatious display, took place at one o'clock yesterday afternoon, at Grace Church, the contracting parties being Captain Carl Bayley, of the United States Army, in command of the post at Camp Bidwell, in the northern portion of the State, and Miss Sarah Abel, second daughter of Mr. Alexander G. Abel, Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons.

The church doors were opened at half-past twelve, and by one the auditorium contained a large and fashionable assemblage, including a number of officers of the army and navy, whose uniforms added much to the attraction of the scene. The decorations were simple but unique, consisting of an arch of white gauze extending over the gates leading to the altar. Suspended from the arch at spaces of about a foot were large bows of white ribbon, which gave a beautiful effect.

The bridal party entered the church shortly after one o'clock, Mrs. J. E. Tippett playing the Wedding March on the organ while the procession walked up the centre aisle. The party was preceded by the little sister and brother of the bride, and then Lieutenant Harry Johnson, U. S. A., and Miss Maddie Abel, sister of the bride (the groomsman and bridesmaid). The groom and Mrs. Charles Tripler, wife of Captain Tripler, sister of the bride, followed, and in the rear came Mr. Abel and the bride. They took up their positions in front of the altar, when Rev. Dr. Platt performed the ceremony according to the rites of the Episcopal Church.

After the ceremony had been completed, the parties entered their carriages and were driven to the residence of the bride's father, on the corner of Washington and Mason streets, where a wedding breakfast was partaken of, after which Mr. and Mrs. Bayley left for their new home at Camp Bidwell. The journey is a long and tedious one, over two hundred miles of the route being traversed in stages.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the Planters and Foreign Residents.

Chinese Church Building Fund.

VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SOLICITED in aid of Christian Chinese to purchase land and build a Church in Honolulu to worship Almighty God in their own language. The call for a Church comes from themselves.

Pledges are invited, to be paid on or before the 10th of January, 1880, which will be received by Mr. Joseph B. Atherton, the Treasurer, Mr. Gookim, or Mr. Asee.

Funds can also be remitted to Bishop & Co., Bankers, for account of Chinese Church Building Fund.

JOHN THOMAS WATERHOUSE.

January 1st, 1879. d28 6m

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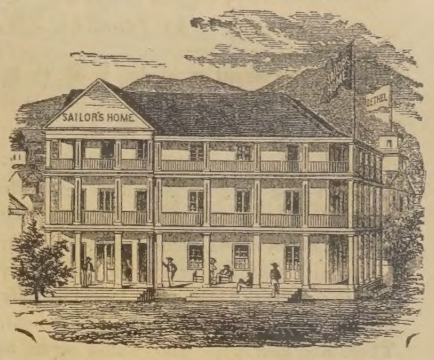

ED. DUNSCOMBE,
Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

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To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Opium Smuggling.

Recent developments in regard to smuggling suggest several thoughts. For the sake of gain, or rather with the hope that money may be made, there are men in our community who are willing to run every hazard of detection, although knowing fully that detection will bring severe punishment. There are men here who would scorn to steal or to deliberately give poison to a neighbor that will likely ruin his health, and yet they are willing to violate a law that several successive Legislatures have thought a wise one in the interests of the Chinese and natives in this country. For the sole hope of gain they introduce opium among the people, a drug which brings nothing but ruin to body and soul of its victims.

How strong a hold the desire for money must have upon such men! It outweighs not only the fear of the punishment of the law, surely to be inflicted upon them if detected, but the equal certainty of loss of character and reputation in the community. If undetected, and the great gain realised, think of the anxiety and the nervous fears likely to be started at every moment while the nefarious business is going on, in getting the goods in which the drug is concealed past all danger of the Customs officers, and finally into the hands of the purchaser! Even when danger is supposed to be passed, the smuggler has an unquiet conscience and a pulse oft quickened at the mere thought that something at last may be found out.

His Majesty, by his Royal veto, voluntarily relinqished a large annual revenue obtained by licensing the sale of opium, in the hope that with a stringent law opium might become an unknown thing in Hawaii nei, and many useful lives thus saved. The petitions that were addressed to the King on this subject were signed by the Chinese themselves in large numbers, and in a spirit of loyalty, the thought of which ought to bring a blush of shame to many who consider themselves better than the Chinese, they have been true to the prayer of their petitions. None of the recent developments in regard to opium smuggling implicate the Chinese, though undoubtedly there are many who can be found to buy the opium when presented to them for sale.

We hope and expect that public sentiment will sustain the authorities in ferreting out every case to the utmost, and in dealing vigorously and severely with the violators of the law.

[From Rev. Joseph Cook's lecture, Nov. 11, 1878.]

Regeneration of Asia.

The regeneration of Asia is a colossal event yet afar off, but approaching us with an assured and of late accelerated step. Great Britain is now an essentially Asiatic power. This, indeed, is the claim of the leader of the present administration in the United Kingdom; and Lord Salisbury has said that the boundaries of Turkey are in some sense the boundaries of England. It is very interesting for Americans to notice how several dazzling illusions concerning the English occupation of Cyprus and the reform of the Turkish Empire under British political pressure have been dissipated by the progress of events and how the present attitude of sober thought appears to be represented by the cool proposition, long ago advocated by this Statesman on my left (turning toward the venerable Dr. Rufus Anderson, for many years Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions), that religious rather than political causes must be relied upon to regenerate Asia Minor. Sir, Lord Beaconsfield is the left hand of reform in Turkey; but the work you have been doing is the right hand! The left needs the right, and the right the left; but the left needs its brother more than the right does. God grant that the two may be clasped in sympathy—British political influence opening the way for American religious effort in Turkey, and American religious effort opening the way for those reforms which Great Britain would force upon the Sultan. * * * When I look toward that portion of Asia which now draws the attention of the whole world, the most hopeful signs of progress are not, in my judgment, to be found in the British occupation of Cyprus; nor in the project of a railway from the Syrian coast to the heart of the Persian Gulf, although such a road must be built before many years.

My hope for Asia Minor is in a series of facts illustrating the usefulness of American teachers, physicians and missionaries there. Indeed, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe used to say that the future of the East depended upon those men; and Lord Beaconsfield himself has lately been drawing his best information from the reports of these Americans. I undertake to affirm that in the Mission houses of Boston and New York more complete and authentic information concerning the present condition and possible future of Turkey can be found than in the archives of the Turkish Empire itself.

The pleasant lands through which Xenophon led the retreat of the Greeks, and Alexander and the Crusaders marched to the victories in the East, are dear to American sympathies.

America gave to Syria the first scientific teacher, the first translation of the Bible into Arabic, the first printing press, the first modern church, the first college. In 1874 Americans printed at Beirût 30,000 volumes and 9,791,910 prayers in Arabic.

When Cyrus Hamlin, who in many particulars deserves to be called the father of education in Turkey in Europe, went abroad there was not a school book in the language spoken by the people of Turkey. Now we have a long list, not only of text books on grammar, rhetoric, logic, chemistry, surveying, history, zoölogy, mental and moral philosophy, political economy, anatomy, physiology and medicine, but also of the best English works on distinctively Christian truth, and these in the Armenian, the Turkish and the Asiatic tongues. There are 11,000 pupils in Turkish common schools which owe their origin to American influence. In the high schools founded by Americans for young men and women thousands are already gathered. But the facts which strike public attention most at a distance are the steady shining of Robert College, at Constantinople, since 1852,—a beacon light on that stormy coast between Asia and Europe; the steady flame of the Syrian Protestant College at at Beirût, since 1865—the gleaming of the Central Turkey College at Aintab, behind the hills; and the attempt to light another torch at Harput, on the flashing waters of the upper Euphrates. These are American lighthouses on a dark Mohammedan coast, where a very hungry surf wars yet and the beaches have been strewn with wrecks for six hundred years.

The recent visit of Dr. A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminister to the United States, has been attended with good results in the cultivation of a greater catholicity of spirit, between Christians of all denominations. He, a dean of the established church of England, was the recipient of courtesies by organized bodies of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. Such a man, scholarly, devout, earnest and eminently Christian cannot be made to be the exclusive property of any one class of Christ's followers. Dr. Stanley preached many times during his short stay in America, and his sermons reported in full by the religious press we recommend as good reading. His address to the students of Union Theological Seminary in New York, was a eulogy on the late Dr. Robinson, a Professor in that institution, whose work on Biblical researches in the Holy Land, had afforded the dean much pleasure and instruction.